

## An Incident—Plato G. Emory.

"And now abideth, faith, hope and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

The pathetic happenings of life do more, perhaps, than any thing else to give one half the world a glimpse into the sphere of the other half, and help to broaden the mind to a fuller appreciation of duty toward our fellow beings.

Not long ago, a comfortably filled Cottage Grove car was whirling swiftly along south, when it stopped at Congress street, and two stylishly dressed, refined appearing ladies entered. All seats being taken, they stood a moment or two steadying each other, and vainly attempting to grasp one of the elusive hand-straps, when a man rose at the rear end, and, gently grasping the arm of a small boy sitting next him whispered, "Come Tony, stand up and give the lady your seat."

Then, as the little fellow arose, the man turned to the ladies and said, in an apparently subdued voice, although it could be heard by everybody in the car, at the same time doffing a well-worn, dusty, slouch hat:

"A soldier, madam, is never too tired to give his seat to a lady."

As the ladies thanked him and sat down, he continued:

"We've walked a good bit to day, me and my boy Tony, here, but we both had mothers and we would not feel comfortable while somebody else's mothers were standing—Thank you ma'am, it's very kind of you, but his clothes are dusty from walking so far," he interrupted himself to say, as the younger of the ladies lifted the boy, ragged and dirty as he was, into her lap; then he went on in a more guarded tone, as if not wishing the lad to hear or understand:

"Tony's mother died yesterday, down on the South Side. We were in Aurora, and as we did not have money enough to ride, have walked all the way so as to be there to bury her." His voice trembled, but he quickly recovered; Meanwhile, the boy had snuggled his little curly head against the lady's arm and was, apparently, fast asleep. Her cloak was soiled by the contact, but this was not the cause of her wet eyes; and a tear, which fell silently upon the boy's cheek, ran down making a white furrow through the dust and grime; She was thinking of that mother, still and cold, who would never again look upon the face of her boy. Nor were hers the only wet eyes in that crowded car. Men who knew no other emotion than Gain vainly attempted to hide the tears which rose unbidden to their eyes. Women wept unabashed. They were not ashamed of sympathetic tears. They could understand, only too well, the utter desolation of a home without a mother to watch over and care for the helpless child and grief-stricken father.

There was a manly ring in the voice of the speaker as he continued:

"I guess if the railroad officials knew how much I needed the pass, they would not have refused to give it; but I could not beg, and as God provided me with the means of walking, I took Tony, and we managed to reach here at last; but it has been a long weary

walk, with nothing at the end but a cold form, a pair of closed eyes, and hushed, silent lips." The man's voice faltered, then broke. Those who had been ashamed to rise before, now got up and offered him a seat, but he thanked them and refused to accept. Possibly he thought it unmanly for one man to take the seat of another.

A minute later, however, the ladies to whom he had given his seat and that of his boy, signalled the car to stop; but, before leaving the one who held the child pressed her lips to his soiled cheek and squeezed a wad of something into his little, chubby hands.

The man raised his hat as they alighted, and then resumed his seat; drawing the boy toward him, that he might continue his broken slumber.

Soon those in the car began to get off one by one, as they reached their destination. Each one passed out by the rear door and each dropped a tribute into the lap of the man who would walk fifty miles rather than beg his passage.

As these tokens of sympathy fell, the man glanced up deprecatingly, but thankful and murmured: "God bless you," while the donors hastily disappeared. By the time the car reached Sixty first street only the man and the boy remained. Here the boy was aroused and together they walked trudgingly away.

Soon they stopped and sat upon the edge of the sidewalk while the man counted the money that had been forced upon him; the boy meanwhile watching him with interest shining from his big, brown eyes. When the count was finished, both arose and started back to take the next car down-town.

"Well, Tony," said the man, with a knowing look, "fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents isn't very bad for one trip, is it?"

Without answering directly, the sturdy little fellow looked up, and with an arch smile and cunning leer, which betokened the possession of histrionic talent, said: "Say, Pop, we ain't got no kick comin', have we?"

The old soldier, wifeless and weary, who had "walked fifty miles to bury the dead," chuckled as he glanced down upon the infant prodigy, and answered: "Well—I don't guess yes."

### A Champion Shot.

Lillian F. Smith, who, with Mr. Frank Smith, is nightly interesting her audiences with her skilful rifle shooting, is quite a noted character in the shooting world. She is par excellence the champion rifle shot of the world; what others do with the shot gun, Lillian Smith duplicates and betters with the rifle.

As an instance; Carver, with a scattering shot gun, smashed 100 balls in 3 minutes 37 seconds; Miss Smith takes 80 seconds to accomplish the feat with a rifle. In six days shooting, three hours daily, she made 72,800 hits against Carver's 60,000, shooting day and night for the same period.

Royalty has honored Miss Smith and her rifle. Queen Victoria, at a special exhibition at "Buffalo Bill's" Wild West at Earl's Court, London, asked that the Western girl be in-

troduced, and Her Majesty handled the rifle and graciously unbent to conversation with its owner. Buffalo Bill, was doubly proud of his protegee whom he had before backed for \$10,000 as the champion shot of the world. Miss Lillian joined Cody in 1887.

Living on her father's ranch in Coalville, Cal., Lillian was presented, as many ranch girls are, with a small rifle, when ten years old; the toy however soon proved to be more than a play thing, it was speedily noticed, that she never missed. Neighbors came to watch her shoot. A barrel of 500 glass balls were bought, and Lillian practised every day. 323 balls were hit without a miss, and when the barrel was empty, the count showed, 495 hits, against 5 misses. One day the young Nimrod brought home on her pony a wild cat she had discovered forty feet up a redwood. Shooting from her pony, down came Bob cat shot through the heart. Lillian after some fun with the big folks, propped her victim against the stove in wait for the family cat, who, coming purringly in, saw the monster and with one horrified miaow fled the ranch forever. As time went on, her fame was added to and matches were hard to arrange. "Doc" Carver in '86 when with Cole's circus, issued a bluff of a \$40,000 challenge. California was wired and promptly offered to back their native daughter, but Carver passed in the night.

Another time, Miss Lillian came 400 miles down the San Joaquin river in a small boat alone to match Carver at San Francisco, but "Doc" was too wily. Miss Lillian's reputation not being a "bubble" one makes it hard to find a rival. Annie Oakley, who posed as a rifle shot though in reality, only a user of the shot gun, could not be persuaded to make a match.

Lillian Smith wears a \$250 medal for any ambitious shot to win in any kind of a contest from 30—200 yard with rifle, shot gun or pistol.

The charges used on the stage are fully loaded with bullets that have a penetration of 4 inch redwood, as any doubting Thomas may inspect. Fifty balls in 45 seconds, is one of the feats for next week. Miss Smith holds the world's record for this, made at Tacoma in 42 seconds, besides those of 20 balls in 18 seconds with a repeating rifle, and 10 balls in 25 seconds with a single loading rifle. The rapid firing of 25 shots in 8 second by Mr. Smith, although the results cluster closely round the bulls-eye, are not a record for accurate but speedy shooting.

The quartermaster's department of the Army is endeavoring to secure a suitable material of a color to correspond with the khaki uniform to be used in the manufacture of shirts. It is desired to have shirts of the same color as the uniforms, and thus secure a neater and more regular appearance when the men go without coats. This condition frequently occurs, now that our troops are in the tropics. The uniformity of color which is contemplated will add to the neatness of the enlisted men's apparel.—*Army and Navy Gazette*,